



No. 2

FIFTY CENTS · ADULTS ONLY



REAL

PULP

COMICS



Ryan
Breed
72



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MEET THE MOA



HUMPHREY MAIL 37

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DON'T NOBODY
MOVE AND AIN'T
NOBODY GOING
TO GET HOIT !!!

**"THE SUB-TEEN
SNATCH 'SNATCH'"**

IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO CITY, IN A RINDOWN HOTEL, 3/4 PENNIES WORTH OF DUM-A-DORN MOODE ARE GATHERED....





...THE SHIPPLESWORTH MANSION...



UNCLE SPACKLEBOTTOM: WON I HAVE HALF A BOOK FOR CIGARETTES?

UNCLE IS BUSY NOW, FAMILIA...



AW... C'YON, UNC?

... AND I LIKE TO DIVE AROUND IN MY MONEY LIKE A PORPOISE...

... AND SWIMMING THROUGH IT LIKE A GOPHER...



... AND TOSS IT UP AND LET IT HIT ME ON THE HEAD??

LATER, FAMILIA



LATER... ALLUS LATER? BYE-BYE? MY CAPITALIST INDEED, PG. 22?

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HEY... WOULD EITHER OF YOU YO-YOS HAVE A BUTT TO SPARE?

NOPE... SORRY MISS, WE DON'T...

OY!



SAY... HOW?

JUSTIFY!



GOLLY! THIS IS REALLY SWELL OF YOU FELLAS!

THE SAME?

HEH!



AW-COME WITH US, MY DEAR - WE'D BE GLAD TO TREAT YA TO A WHOLE GARDEN OF YER FAVORITE CIGARETTES!



AWRIGHT KID - COME TO OUR HOTEL ROOM QUIETLY... DON'T MAKE US MESS YOU UP!

W-HOLY SHIT. A METER!

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FAMILIA IS SO TIER NUTTED THAT SHE PASSES OUT. THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE, FAMILIA!

BUSINESS TO MURDER...



SHECKLESMOUTH... WE GOT YER
NIECE... IT LL COST YA TEN GEES
TO GET HER BACK IN ONE
PIECE!



WHY GUESS?

NO, I'M SORRY... I COULDN'T POSSIBLY
PART WITH TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!



FORG-HELL, TOM... ANYWAY, GUESS
TO GET HER BACK IN ONE PIECE?
WE'LL CALL AGAIN LATER!

ASTORIA... HANGS WORKSHEET WITH HIS COMMISSIONER!

5000 GEES IS STILL TWO
GEES... ON THE OTHER
HAND, IF I LET THE KOP
GET CHARGED, AKA MURDER
WOULD PROBABLY LET ME
HURR THE END OF IT!



I'D OBLIVIOUS... BUT
IT WOULD BE... HOW FEEL
MY WORKSHEET!



MRS. MURDER... PLEASE! YOU'VE GOT TO BE
SERIOUS! WE'VE GOT TO BE... THE VIKER
WORKSHEET TO BE... ..



HAAAA... I'M
SORRY... I'M
SUPPORTING YOU...
THANKS!

THE OTHER FELLOW... THE MAN
WANTED TO TALK... ..



WHAT? YOU WANT
ITS 4,000 GEES?

WHY? WHY? NO TO DENY?



HOW?

AM I WANTED TO MY FRIENDS? YOU
WANT? NO, MY GARDEN ANGEL, MY!



YOUR
FRIEND?

MY GARDEN ANGEL... I WANT YOUR
GARDEN... IF YOU WANT TO... ..
THAT GARDEN... THE FLOWERS... ..

THE OTHER FELLOW... THE
FELLOW... ..
POSSIBLE... ..

WHAT? NO... I'LL
TALK... ..



MY GARDEN
ANGEL...

THE MURDER RAZOR SHARP SENSES QUICKLY PUT HIM ON FAMILIA'S SCENT...

HAHAH... THE KID WAS ONLY GONE FOR ABOUT FIVE MINUTES BEFORE SPEEDY-LEADFOOT GOT HIS CALL... THEY MUST BE HOLED UP NEARBY!



AHA! A CLUE!



THE LITTLE SCOUT MUST HAVE HAD THE PISS SCARRED OUT OF HER... ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF URINE!



QUICK CROSSCUTS TO DATE



BACK UP MOB'S HOTEL ROOM



CRAVEN VICTIMS! THEY LEAPED SIX STORIES HIGHER THAN FIVE THE Viper's WORTH!



THE LOVE KNOT-BLOOD KNOT CAPER

A Caesar Steele Mystery

The story so far: For six weeks, San Francisco has been plagued by the evil machinations of an unknown murderer; a brutal, vicious, cold-blooded killer whose crimes are made even more heinous by their bizarre sexual twists.

The police, driven to distraction by the series of blind alleys, dead ends, and wild goose chases their investigations have led to, reluctantly agreed to allow private investigator Caesar Steele entry into the case. But even the hickory-shock brain of one of the country's number one crime mind has had little to work on.

A few leads, supplied by Doctor Arvel Marquard, the famed psychic and mentalist, proved only to be clever ruses designed to make fools out of the criminal's pursuers.

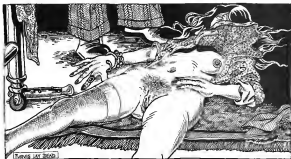
And even as Steele chafed at the bit, the city was shocked by the most horrible crimes so far—the infamous love knot murders, in which the vic-

tim was always young people because of their large throbbing cheeks and their clamp-tight cuffs. Steele, realizing that each new crime necessarily exposed the killer to the possibility of making mistakes, wasted no time at the scene of the crimes, allowing the police to overwork those men with scientific equipment, and instead ran down a list of names supplied to him by Dr. Marquard—people who at first seemed remotely connected with the victims but under the needle-sharp probing of Steele, admitted deep involvement with many of them.

Things were closing in, Steele was sure of it.

The last of these names, however, Miss Merry Purvis, proved intransigent when questioned by Steele, leading him to use subtler techniques of interrogation.

After plying Purvis with his mixture of wit, charm, and overhearing potency, Steele soon had



tims were found jammed together in forced copulation. The criminal had forced the girls to lie still, while their lovers were strangled, causing enormous death emotions that swelled to preposterous size—then while the poor girls squirmed violently in a confusion of fear and sexual gratification beyond their wildest dreams, they too were killed, instantly, with hypnosis, and in its death spasm, the victim's clasp would lock them both together. Police and doctors often had trouble separating the couples.

a willing and pliant young woman in his hands. But it took some prodding in the right places to discover the guilty secret that Purvis clutched deep between her nipples. Purvis, it turned out, was not what she pretended.

Purvis was a virgin.

Determined to at least clear that matter up, Steele stripped her down and fixed a quick glance across her body, a glance that took in her dark taffy hair, her soft mellow skin, her lifting breasts

with their hard sharp points, the loose thin stream of blond hair that coursed down from her nose!, thickening and darkening as it crossed the curve of her lower belly, until it erupted out in a broad thick bush of hair between her legs. After a glance like that, he was sure she deserved everything that was coming to her. But as he stepped over to her and took her in his arms, a look of terror shot across her face and with a shriek, she collapsed at Steele's naked feet.

CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHT

She was dead. My pecker sat back down in my lap and bent its head over slowly, like it suddenly

had something to think about. Well, shut, I guess it did. It pushed me off. Murdered. Just before I got my rocks off, too.

Now I was stuck with a stiff witness and a wilted pecker, just when I'd been planning to stick a stiff pecker into a wilted witness. My hands still clutched Miss Purvis's knees, raising little red welts in the flesh that was slowly turning grey. I'd just gotten her to open up a little.

I looked around the room. It was empty except for the two crumpled piles of clothing on the floor. Purvis's black panties lay atop the pile that had once belonged to her, and I admired the twin circles of crinkled white lace on either side of the crotch. She'd looked pretty nice in those pants, I remembered.

My cock stuck up its head as I thought it over, acting like a worried hound whose master won't let it track. I rubbed it a little to make it feel better. Too bad, but we weren't going to get fuck number one off of Purvis.

I looked her body over: the rosy blush of her nipples was fading before my eyes. Poor virginal Purvis. My eyes played with her thighs, coming to rest on the gently closing folds of her coosers: poor upright frigid queen. So close to reaching its dreams, and now that hope was gone forever.

Christ almighty.

But then it hit me. Why couldn't Miss Purvis's dream be reached just as well in death? My cock perked up as the idea seemed to grow. It was what she wanted most, she'd told me. (My conscience gave me a few pangs over the idea of putting it to a dead woman, but, what the hell, it was still hers after all, and anyway she hadn't struck me as being a very responsive kind of chick.) A tingle of joy and relief coursed my spine as I realized the truth of all this.

It was the right thing to do, I was sure of it. My cock was sure of it too, swelling itself up rarerated straight, like it was proud of the nobility of the gesture. Though the emotion I was feeling wasn't exactly pride.

I spread her legs open quickly and plunged it in.

Her tufts gave way slowly, oh my Jesus was the tight. I struck the springy elastic barrier of her maidenhead, and forced it, but it didn't quite tear loose. It was blocked in pretty solid, and death had stretched it even tighter.

I pulled back and jammed it in, hard. There was a soft tearing sound, and then with a pop, I was in. As I pierced her, a strange thought crossed my mind: When you pop a dead virgin's cherry, does she bleed? I didn't know, and I didn't stop to find out.

It was getting pretty nice. A little abrasive, though—she was drying up pretty fast, and she had pubic hair like a buffalo pad. Her body felt cold and rubbery . . . a little bouncy . . . especially those boobs I'd wanted so much . . . kind of fun to do, really . . .

(Shit . . . off-off . . . somebody coming . . . off-



THE SECOND
AND FINAL
INSTALLMENT OF

THE FLOATING HEAD!

800
XRAY FILM
#1

AFTER TWENTY
YEARS, I HAD
EVERYTHING I
WANTED, AND
THE PROMISE
OF EVERYTHING
I NEEDED WANT-
I HAD CARRIED
OUT A BEAUTIFUL
REVENGE ON
DR. HENRIER
CHRISTIAN



WHO HAD
WANTED TO USE
ME FOR HIS
OWN PETTY ENDS,
ON JACK O'BRIEN



- MY CHILDHOOD
TOMMYGON,
ON SABINA
RELENG



- WHO LAUGHED
AT ME TOO
OFTEN, AND ON
JOHNNY CARTER



I HAD HAD THE
GALL TO TRY
TO OFFEND ME

SABINA WAS ALONE, RECOVERING IN A SEMINARY, THE OTHER THREE
HAD DIED WHEN THEIR BODIES ADAPTED. AND NOT ACCIDENTALLY.



ONLY ONE MAN STILL STOOD IN MY WAY!

THE FORTIC (OR I.D. DOLL), MASTER OF "WHITE
MAGIC", THE SOLE ADVERSARY WHO MIGHT
YET PROVE A WORTHY Foe





THE STUPID! I KNEW WHAT HE WAS THINKING- I KNEW THE TYPE- AND WHEN HE CONTACTED ME, I WAS EXPECTING IT-





MEANWHILE, SHAPIRO HAD FREQUENTLY BEEN FILIBUSTERED FROM THE SENATORIAL, AND WAS HARRIED AGAIN -- TO, OF ALL THINGS, FLOYD CLAUDE, WHO USED TO SLUG ME IN THE SHOULDERS AND ONCE "TRATTED" ME, IN BATH SCHOOL.



HOW ABOUT THAT! SHAPIRO WAS JUST TOO EMPTY -- HEADED TO BE TRAMPA -- TIEED FOR LONG --

BEST ADMIT I HAVENT REALLY GOTTEN HOR OUT OF MY MIND --



WHEN -- CLAUDE? HE WAS ALWAYS FRUSTRATED BECAUSE THE ONE TIME HE DATED SHAPIRO HE GOT SOME TIT BUT COULDN'T GET ANY ASS --

MY CHICK, HONEY, DROP THE ORANGE, WILL YA?

NO!

THEY'RE BONDING -- AT THE BONDING BENTLEY MOKE AND BONDING AGENT I THINK I'LL PLAY A LITTLE AGAIN ON MY OLD FRIEND FLOYD -- AND HIS ORANGE -- BEED -- AND JERARD -- A LITTLE FRANK --



HERE WE ARE, BABY -- OUR MARRIED BLOOD MARRIED TO BONDY --



Shapiro!

CHON, HONEY, BURY UP 'N' DROP THE ORANGE.



POOR OLD CLAUDE! FLOATING HEADS, COMPOSES COMING BACK TO LIFE, KISSING BOWING! THROUGH THE AIR - HE JUST WASN'T READY FOR IT



—BUT HE SURPRISEFULLY TOOK MY PLACE AT THE TABLE, DRUGGER AND ALL (NOT THAT HE FELT THE SLIGHTEST DESIRE TO DO OTHERWISE)



I WAS PUZZLED, THOUGH, WHY SHOULD HE ASK A DIRECT CONFRONTATION IN MY DOMAIN, WHERE I WOULD HAVE THE ADVANTAGES OF SURPRISE AND ORIENTATION? LITTLE DID I KNOW THAT IT WAS MERELY HIS PUZZLED-UP MIND AND LINGERING FORTUNE-TELLING THAT I CAN'T DENY, BE COVERED THEM WELL.





DAVID SMILE BROAD AND OPENED IT UP. IT WAS THE GIRL BEHIND--SEEMS HE WAS ANGRY AND CRYING? (PAGE 1)
 --WOMEN SHE WAS NINE YEARS OLD--AND HE TWENTY--HE FELL LOVINGLY AND KNEELESSLY IN LOVE WITH HER.



--SOON AFTER, WHEN HER PARENTS ASKED HIM TO ENJOY WHILE THEY SAW A MOVIE, HE TALKED HER INTO CLIMBING IN BED WITH HIM, BUT THE PARENTS DON'T STAY FOR THE OSCAR FEATURES.



SARAH WASN'T PARTICULARLY UPSET--BUT TO AVOID SCANDAL, THEY SENT DAVID TO EUROPE. HE THEN WENT TO THE ORIENT, WHERE FOR THIRTY YEARS HE STAYED AND MASTERED THE "MYSTIC ARTS"--OR "WHITE MAGIC."



--TO DO GOOD--ALL I WANTED WAS TO DO GOOD--I THOUGHT--



WELL, I DECIDED NOT TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD TO HELL WITH IT. WHAT FOR? I HAVE ALL I WANT—AS A MATTER OF FACT, OLD DRU (NOT HIS SOUL) REALLY HAD THE RIGHT IDEA—IT IS MORE TROUBLE THAN IT'S WORTH, CIVILIZATION—



IN-TRO-DUC-TION

WAS ON MY WAY TO THE
HOLERS WHEN THIS STORY
WAS A CONCEPT. ENCOUNTERED
ON A DAY PROVIDED ME WITH
THE PERFECT INTRODUCTION.
I HADT STRONGEST BALL BAW
GROUPT AND PUT A FROTH
THICK OF THREE ON MY CARD
THICK AND GOT IT ALL DONE
WHERE I WAS IT ALL COME
IT WAS NECESSARY.
ALSO, I HAD ACD I HAD ACD
ONLY ONCE -- BACK IN '67







CLARK'S
POWERFUL
WEATHER-
CONTROLING
POWERS
ARE THE
KEY TO
THE
VICTORY



THE GUY'S A DOPE



LET THE
HI-JINX BEGIN!!
GET IT ON! GET IT OFF!!



THE DECENT MILDENHALLS
BOUNCE UP TO BATTLE IN
THEIR HEAVILY ARMED 1950S
DELCO, 50 YEAR TRAFFIC

BRICK
ROAD
BATTLE





VIOLENT funnies



MEANWHILE, IN THE DARK Labyrinth OF TERN-
BEL'S HONEYCOMBED THE BUILDING'S SUB-
BASEMENT, CLIPPING FIGURES STRIVE TO GAIN
POSSESSION OF UNKNOWN, ILLEGAL VISION AND
FUCKING COMFORTABLE!

OR TIME? THEY GOT
STUFF NOT IN!
A FROCK AM I
TOSKING DO
HOW IT?



WITHIN SECONDS, THE BUREAU IDEA IS TREMBLING WITH
SPECIALLY TRAINED GOVERNMENT TRACK FINDERS!



